



IN

MEMORIUM

D-DAY

P.O. BOX 160
PRINCE ALBERT,
SASKATCHEWAN

DEVOTED TO THE
INTERESTS
OF THE INMATES

PATHFINDER

SASKATCHEWAN PENITENTIARY

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Permission was granted by Commissioner of Penitentiaries Allan J. McLeod for the publication and distribution of the Pathfinder under the auspices of Warden J.H. Weeks and the supervision of Ed. Supervisor Mr. R.D. Dunning.

Subscription Rate \$1.00 per twelve, monthly issues.

PATHFINDER

vol 14

no 3

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It seems to be the rule around this magazine that editors will slide in and out with the regularity of steam pistons. However, there is an exception to every rule, and in the case of this one I believe I am it. Time will be the answer to that, but then time is the answer to everything at this address.

The previous editor of the Pathfinder, S.O.F., is presently ill in the hospital. We wish him well and a speedy recovery.

As with others who take over anything, so it will be with me: There will be some changes made. These changes will not be great but they will, I hope, be significant. For example, the back inside cover of the magazine. In the past this has been devoted to excerpts from various religious and spiritual sects. This is no longer the case. I assure you that I have no personal tub to thump against religion of any denomination, but at the same time I cannot understand or see the value of exploiting it in this type of magazine. Primarily this magazine is for the inmates of this penitentiary, and secondarily it is for the public. This has been forgotten in the past. It will not be forgotten in the present. Its policy is that a prison publication should mirror to the public the honest feelings and opinions of the prisoners; good or bad. It should never be used merely as a tool to flaunt or display the intellect of any one individual. I don't suggest that this has happened in the past; rather, I want everyone to be aware of the fact that it is not going to happen in the future.

I want this magazine to give to the inmates and the public, articles that are informative, provocative, humorous and, above all, honest. I don't want and won't print any articles that merely pay lip service to high ideals that the writer does not honestly believe. I do want and will do my best to print any and all articles that express the honest opinions or feelings of the writer.

And that, my friends, is this editor's policy.

Editorial....page 2.

You have just read (I hope) my statement of policy for Pathfinder. Perhaps you are asking yourself some questions concerning the rightness or wrongness of this policy; I hope you are. In anticipation of some of the questions I am going to be hearing in the near future, I will try to elaborate or clarify as much as possible my reasons for making such a positive statement.

In every field of writing in the world there must be a firm platform or set of laws which a person must keep within. By this I do not mean the laws of grammar or syntax: these are universal to all fields of writing. I mean the precepts of a publication that serve to make up the abstract margins within which all those writing for that publication must remain if its aims are to be realized.

For Pathfinder there are only two maxims that must be followed. The first is: "Believe what you write." If you believe what you put on paper, and it is logical, then the people who read it will recognize the honesty and respect you for it. They may not believe it themselves, but they will never be able to say that about the man who wrote it. The second rule is: "Try to carry a penal theme." The reason for this should be obvious; Pathfinder is a penal publication. Now, I can already hear the voices chanting, "Penal theme eh?, what's D-Day's penal theme?" A good question and one that I want to answer in the next paragraph.

D-Day, June 6th, 1944. How many men landed at Normandy that day? It doesn't matter, never mind. Who were these men? Were they hand picked because of their high degree of social virtue? Was every one of them a saint, a square-john? Were they all pillars of their particular communities? No, I don't think they were, not all of them. You see, when war comes, and when a day like June 6th, 1944 comes, it doesn't matter a whit whether you're a thief or a carpenter. All that matters is that you're willing to fight, and maybe die. And a lot of thieves did fight, and die, on that day and throughout the whole of the Second World War. Some of those men are in here to-day. Some of them went straight when they came back. Some of them didn't come back. It is to all these men, the living and the dead, that we dedicate this issue of our magazine.

— doug.

INSIDE LOOKING OUT

DOUG BEVANS

This month the column will be devoted to cells and their uses. Cells, at least my kind, are used as homes for men who have broken or bent the laws that govern or control the acts of men.

The one I live in is, I imagine, much the same as any other cell in any other prison in any other country. Dimensionally I suppose my cell is a bit small. I can reach out my arms and touch the walls on each side. It is exactly five and a half steps long. The front is made up of sixteen rugged bars of steel; these are to give the occupant a sense of security and allay any fears that he might have about someone trying to break in. I know it sounds like a tight fit, but I assure you that it is quite an efficient little house when one becomes accustomed to it, and it certainly does well the job that it was designed for. It takes a little time to make the necessary environmental adjustment to these quarters of course, but there is usually an adequate amount of that on hand and so it actually doesn't create too much of a problem.

All cells are the same in prison and yet there is one thing that makes each and every cell unique from all the others; the man who lives in it. His cell is different because it is he alone that lives there. All around him he can hear noises emanating from adjacent and nearby cells, and yet at no time does he feel that he has any company; he is alone. It is in his cell that he eats, sleeps, thinks, lives and dreams; alone. And if he is going to change his way of thinking and living, it is in his cell that he will do that too; alone.

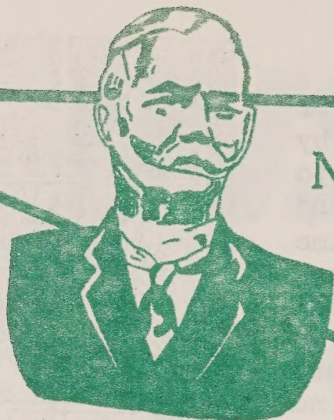
In his cell the prisoner becomes his own man. His thoughts, and he has many, are usually based on himself in one way or another. At some time he will probably think about going straight when he gets

out. As a logical projection of this train of thought he will drag out and try on, one by one, all the socially acceptable suits, to see if perhaps with a few minor changes and alterations one might fit him. The first time he does this and finds, as he must, that none of them will fit, he shakes his head and hangs them back up on the mental rack from where they came. But when he has tried these suits on once he will try them on again and again, and directly out of his puzzlement at the fact that none of them fit will emerge what to him is a new and startling truth; he will realize possibly for the first time that it is he who will have to be tailored to fit them! He will realize that the mantle of Society is not going to change itself or be changed to fit any individual; rather, that it is the individual who must alter or re-tailor his own personality to fit the Social Suit. He will stare at this conclusion of his for a long time. Finally, after mulling it over thoroughly, he will either swallow it or spit it out. Whether he accepts or rejects this new found fact is, to me, not of too much moment. Because even if he should choose to reject it, it will always remain with him. And if ~~at~~ some future time he changes his mind then he will have the mental design of his "new suit" already on the cutting table.

I can't say with any certainty "when", if ever, a prisoner will have these thoughts: But if he does have them I can tell you "where" he will be: He will be in his cell.....alone.

And as I leave you this month I am, with six hundred others, "Inside Looking Out".

...doug.



Nightkeeper's Report

- 1882

J. H. Purves

John E. Purves was the dusk to dawn Keeper in the old Southern Michigan Penitentiary back in the days before modern penology and reforms had become the vogue. It was only several years ago that several of his old journals were found in an unused part of the prison. Because of their humorous content they have been widely reprinted by many of the magazines on the Penal Press circuit. This particular portion of his Journal was written in 1882, and comes to us by way of the SPECTATOR.

AUGUST 8: The prison has been in fair order during the past night except for a few intermittent vulgar noises. Guard Lister found it necessary to report Brown, No. 903, for further extenuating the situation by ecstatic exclamations such as; "Ah, now I feel better," to which there was usually an accompanying roar of chuckles. This is a difficult and trying situation to deal with for it happens quite regularly in conjunction with a certain bill of fare.

AUGUST 13: Suprisingly enough the

prison continues to be in good order. I did, however witness an unusual spectacle. A cigarette had been tied to the back of a cockroach that was laboriously transporting it up and down the aisle past an empty cell to an occupant one cell removed from its point of origin. A long length of thread kept the roach from journeying too far. I was so moved by this ingenious device that I pretended not to notice the cupidity of the convicts involved.

AUGUST 18: A new crank has entered into the ranks of trouble makers. No. 2742, Schnider, who has always been quiet and steady, suddenly went beserk in the dining room, throwing fish stew over neighbors and screaming at the top of his voice, "Hallelujah, the Day has come," I cannot understand what has happened to this man.

AUGUST 20: The prison has been quiet and orderly tonight until after nine o'clock when Pickard, No. 1709, made such a racket coughing that several other prisoners yelled at him.

13UFFOONERY

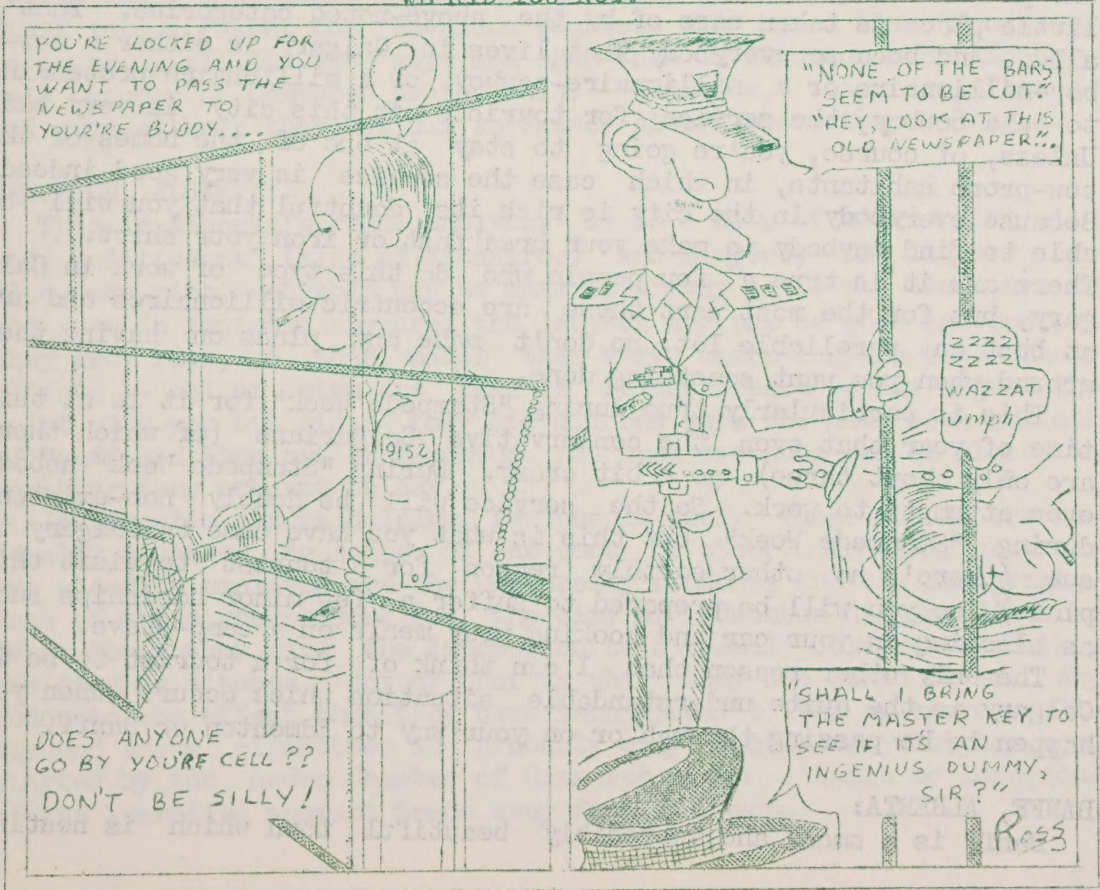


THROUGH A DARK GLASSLY

Little Tuff Missfit
Fit on a tuffsat
Curding her eats and her whey;
Aspied came a longster
And side down her besat
And muffled Miss Frightway to the very devil!

By the author of "Happiness is a
Ten Foot Syringe."

WE KID YOU NOT.



P.N.S.G.F.A.T.I.C.*

by russ fortin

* (PATHFINDER'S NO SWEAT GUIDE FOR AMERICAN TOURISTS IN CANADA)

CALGARY, ALBERTA:

Millionaires and cowboys abound in this rich little city which nestles in the heart of Alberta's scenic foothill country. It is a city composed of millionaires and cowboys. Or cowboys who are millionaires. Or more properly it is a city composed of millionaires who pretend to be cowboys. The entire population of this bustling little place is taken care of by the above-noted categories. That's all... And because everybody that lives in Calgary is either a cowboy-millionaire or a millionaire-cowboy or a millionaire pretending to be a cowboy, the service for tourists in this city is very bad. Unless, of course, you're going to stay at one of the homes of the cow-prone habitants, in which case the service is very good indeed. Because everybody in the city is rich its doubtful that you will be able to find anybody to make your breakfast or iron your shirt... There are it is true a few people who do this type of work in Calgary, but for the most part these are eccentric millionaires and are at best an unreliable lot, so don't make any plans on having them around when you want something done.

This is particularly true during "Stampede Week" for it is at this time of year that even the conservative Calgarians (of which there are only about three) go a bit crazy. During "Stampede Week" nobody even attempts to work. So the service will be doubly non-existent during "Stampede Week" but this is what you have come to Calgary to see (there's no other earthly reason for a tourist to visit this place) so you will be prepared to suffer a few minor hardships such as sleeping in your car and cooking your meals on a camp-stove.

The only other reason that I can think of for a tourist to be in Calgary is the quite understandable situation which occurs when you happen to be passing through or on your way to Edmonton or Banff.

BANFF, ALBERTA:

Banff is a small and incredibly beautiful town which is nestled

snugly amidst the rugged grandeur of the Canadian Rockies. Here in Banff, as in Calgary, the residents are all millionaires. But unlike Calgary the service for tourists is very good. In fact, this is exactly how the residents got to be millionaires -- by giving good service to American tourists. For the most part visitors to Banff take pictures. They take pictures of the mountains, the bears and other wildlife, the quaint Indians in their colorful costumes (most Indians here in Banff are millionaires also) and finally of the "Mounties" in their pretty scarlet tunics.

This is one of the nice things about Banff as opposed to any other Canadian town you'd care to mention; here in Banff the "Mounties" stand around all day having their pictures taken by American tourists. They do not try to catch any bad guys and put them in jail like the "Mounties" do in other Canadian towns and cities. Now, this is not because they would not like to be chasing bad guys, but quite simply because there are no bad guys in Banff. Here everyone is a good guy. The reason for this strange set of circumstances is not really known but local legend has it that when they decided making Banff into a resort for American tourists they hired the "Mounties" to round up all the bad guys and ship them to Edmonton. But Edmonton's Chamber of Commerce denies this: "Edmonton," they say, "has no bad guys either; they are all in Prince Albert where they belong...

EDMONTON, ALBERTA:

This is Alberta's regal capital. It is a city of millionaire oilmen, politicians (also millionaires) and lawyers. The lawyers are also very rich, and this may be mute testimony as to why there are no bad guys in Edmonton anymore; the lawyers may not be good lawyers but they are rich, so this makes them very smart lawyers too. Their clients -- all of whom are here in Prince Albert -- may argue the point with you but since they are all bad guys who have been run out of Banff and then out of Edmonton not much credence can be placed in anything they are apt to say.

In Edmonton, as in Calgary, few people work. Those who do are generally regarded as scabs of one sort or other. The only ones who are steadily employed are the university students and the immigrants. Both of these groups work for the city of Edmonton digging ditches. Or at least they give the impression to a casual observer that they are digging ditches. Anyway that is what they are hired to do. Any rumor to the effect that they have been hired to lean on shovels all day and smoke cigarettes is probably only something that has been started by the Leduc Chamber of Commerce in an attempt to lure some of the lucrative tourist trade away from Edmonton.

MONTHLY REPRINT OF THE MONTHLY

from the PENDLETON REFLECTOR

LET'S HELP THE PENAL PRESS - by Erle Stanley Gardner

The average person who violates the law has no more intention of becoming a criminal than the average person who takes a drink of becoming a drunkard.

The average prison inmate finds an element of self-disgust in his make-up and an overpowering determination to go straight once he is given the chance.

The trouble is that after that first misstep he isn't given a very good chance.

Let any person with average strength of character walk down the front steps of a prison with only gate money in his pocket, a prison suit on his back, prison shoes on his feet, a ticket to some distant town where he is intending to begin life all over again, and see how far he gets.

If he tries to get a job by being fair and truthful and tells about his prison record, he doesn't get the job. His stomach, however, goes right on craving for food, job or no job. If he manages to get a job by concealing his prison record, there comes a time when the man's past catches up with him and he finds himself out of a job, and this time with two strikes against him because prospective employers will want to know where he was last employed and why the relationship was terminated.

The average man would be unable to get a good start under these conditions, and with no more financial leeway than a gate money cushion, the ex-inmate, who hasn't built up his power of decision while in a place where most of his decisions have been made for him, is at a particular disadvantage.

This isn't the way things should be; it is the way they are.

It is a shame because once the released inmate falls into crime

once more, he forfeits a lot in terms of self-respect and blighted career as far as he is concerned, and costs society a lot in terms of cold, hard dollars and cents as far as money is concerned.

If society gave the released inmate enough money so that he stood a real chance at rehabilitation, there would be a howl go up from the taxpayers. Therefore society, which has its own problems, does the best it can with what it has to offer.

An overworked parole officer tries to get jobs for most of the promising inmates who are released, prior to the expiration of sentence, but here again, conditions vary. Some men would rather serve out their sentences to the last bitter day and be on their own once they are out than to have an earlier release and be held to the strict terms of probation which exist in some jurisdictions.

All in all, it's a mess, and the fact that we have a constantly increasing number of inmates should surprise no one.

Despite the disastrous disadvantages of having served a term in prison there are some good things about it, if a man has the determination and intestinal fortitude which will enable him to take advantage of opportunities.

For one thing, he has time within which to appraise himself and time within which to develop his talents. He really has more time than opportunity.

One of the greatest ways in which a man can develop himself is to understand character; the character of these about him and his own character.

A man who becomes interested in writing has to create characters. In so doing, he learns something about character itself. Persons who try to become writers are moving steadily along the upward path whether they realize it or not. The inmate who makes a serious effort at writing articles, fiction or both, is picking up the pieces of his life and putting them together in a constructive manner.

The trouble is that I personally know of nothing more discouraging than creating brain children that are unwanted and seeing them come dejectedly home with rejection slips clasped to their breasts.

Now and then an inmate stays with it long enough and has enough talent so he crashes the commercial fields, but for the most part it's a long uphill struggle and human nature being what it is, it's almost impossible to stay with it unless there is some means of encouragement somewhere along the line.

That's where the so-called Penal Press comes in.

I have said before, and I want to say again, that if one of the foundations would endow the Penal Press so that the magazines and newspapers could be bigger in size, better in format and could perh-

aps pay in prison privileges for the contributions, it would be the greatest step toward curbing crime that society could take.

As a writer I know of nothing which improves and encourages a writer more than to see his material in print.

It is difficult for a writer to judge his own material in manuscript form. The words he has conjured up to express ideas bring these same ideas back to his mind when he reads them in manuscript form. But once he sees these words in print in a magazine he is able to judge his own material better and get a better understanding of what is needed to improve. Moreover, he has the encouragement of seeing his brain child wanted and accepted by society.

Inmates who start developing their better qualifications are a much better security risk than those who don't. When they are released they are capable of facing their problems with a better perspective.

While a man is an inmate, developing his writing ability is one of the best ways to develop his talents.

If some foundation would take a fraction of the money that is being spent on investigating the causes of crime and subsidized the so-called Penal Press, those dollars would pay astonishing dividends.

A man who has lost his self-respect is hard put to get society to respect him, and self-respect has to be regained by dint of hard work and steady development.

Lets not worry so much about how society is going to rehabilitate prison inmates; let the inmates have a decent opportunity to rehabilitate themselves. Let them develop themselves and in so doing develop a measure of self-respect. Lets give them something constructive to do which will develop character.

If the Penal Press could be subsidized, the magazines and newspapers that are being turned out could have better printing, better illustrations, better format, and more pages. Inmates could send these magazines and newspapers with pride to their friends and relatives. And if they were well written and well edited, they could give the outsider a better view of prison life and the temperment and problems of the inmate.

If we don't get a better understanding, we're apt to go along in the same old dreary treadmill of taking men who really want to rehabilitate themselves and putting the up against a coldly unsympathetic enviroment which, in the course of time, causes them to be discouraged to commit more crimes, to be apprehended once more, taken through the same old legal mill and sent back to the penitentiaries from which they came.

INSIDE LETTERS

Editor:

I would like to comment on the opinions expressed in your Inquirer's Beat in the May issue of Pathfinder, concerning the reasons why such a great number of the Indian population come to prison.

One writer stated that a form of persecution complex is built up in the Indian - he should speak for himself only -and that the Indian commits a crime as a means of striking back and easing some of the pain inhibited in his heart. It should be rather obvious that no-one in his right mind would go to prison and serve two or more years just to ease the pain and hatred in his heart.

Another wrote that the world today is, and has been for a number of years, modern and mechanized, and that the Indian in our time still lives in a teepee, or a one room shack, with a coal-oil lantern, outside plumbing, and bannock. I agree with him about the bannock, it is here to stay. In any case, it is evident that this chap knows next to nothing about present conditions of today's modern and mechanized reserves.

Let us take, for example, the Stony Plain Reserve, which is twelve miles west of Edmonton. There, we would find modern five and six room houses with electricity and inside plumbing, all the modern conveniences, and a pay-phone booth. Their children go to the white schools in Edmonton.

As a full-blooded Indian myself, I feel close enough to the basic problem. I fail to see how a form of "persecution complex", lack of education, plus racial discrimination on the part of the white man has anything to do with my being behind bars. My case history would show that it was one mistake after another that brought me back here.

We must not be too hasty in judging all white people in the same way, simply because a few do not understand us. We must try and understand one another, in the hope of promoting a strong and lasting unity between the white and red man.

I want to go on record as expressing the conviction that the Indian is not here because his heart is full of hatred for the white man. There may be cause to strike back at the white man, where there is discrimination and so on, but getting one's self behind bars for a few years is one heck of a stupid way of doing it.

Alfred Ward..

JUN

The

On the misty, gray

Hundreds of steam

Then across the English

To Normandy.

They came from all walks of life

They were carpenters,

They would cry that Day;

And Their tears would be

They would feel pain that

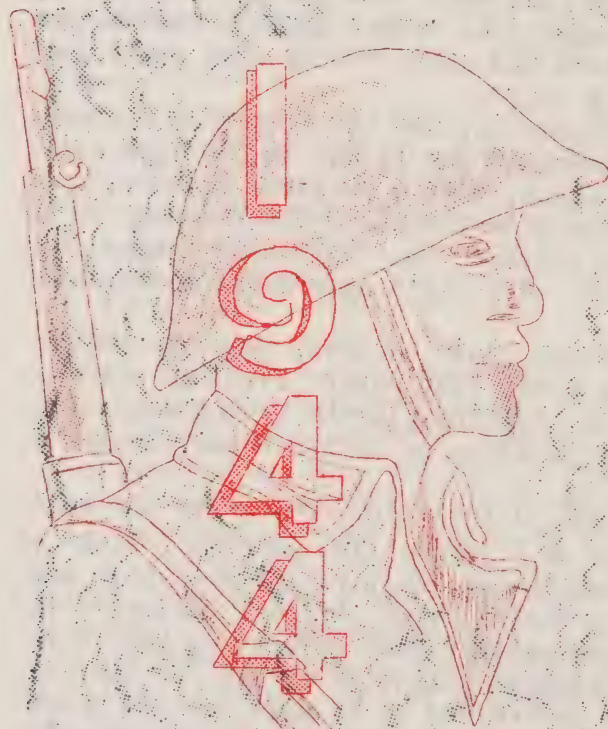
And Their pain would be

They would die that Day;

And Their death would be

The Day was June 6th,

They were The Men.



—6

RULE FOR

Men

morning of that Day,

g hulks brought

ish Channel.

ks of life.

oks and thieves.

e tears of the World.

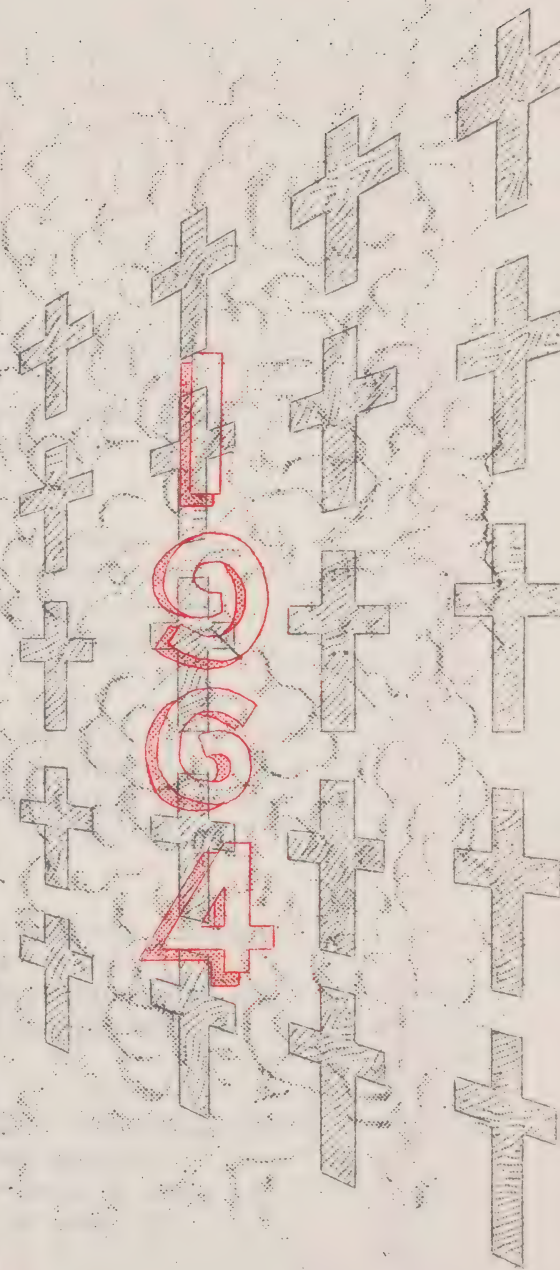
y;

agony of Mankind.

the herald of Their Immortality.

944.

— doug



A SELECTED POEM

NO MORE

No more ill begotten gain,
 No more of this old ball and chain.
No more kicks or fancy balls,
 No more penitentiary walls,

No more gates that clitter clatter,
 No more of the guard's old pitter patter,
No more trials that one fears,
 No more of those old crocodile tears.

No more fears of a guard's report,
 No more standing in Warden's Court.
No more going on the heel;
 No more of these old bars of steel.

No more sermons from the mount,
 No more standing for the count.
No more judges will hear my pleas,
 No more will they see my shaking knees.

No more will I walk through this gate,
 No more suffering a gangster's fate.
No more of society will I fight,
 No more my friends, I've seen the light!

Inquirer's Beat



QUESTION: The Governor of Michigan abolished solitary confinement. Do you think that there are any circumstances under which "Super-Maximum-Security" institutions are necessary in a society?

Bill Chomiak:

No. Definitely not. We only have to look back to a place recently closed, called Alcatraz. There, every form of punishment, inhuman treatment and maximum security were exercised for some thirty-four years. The result was that toward the end of its existence this institution became nearly as open and free as the minimum security institutions in the U.S.A. We only have to ask any warden what he thinks solitary confinement does to the morals and mentality of a man.

I ask: What happened to the report made by a study committee in 1962, a committee that studied prisons throughout the world for the purpose of determining the best system.

Micheal Yaggey:

I think that to be confined in any institution is sufficient punishment, no matter what the crime, let alone a "super Maximum security" institution. I take "super maximum security" to mean punitive. When punishment is the goal it only results in filling a man with hatred and turning him against society. A rehabilitation program would be impossible in this type of institution.

Lucien LaCarte:

I think that there is a need for a "super maximum security" type

to a certain degree. There are many types of human beings in societies and some of them are extreme personalities. Recently, there was a news story from Europe that cited a man walking into a schoolroom with a blazing flame thrower, I think, twelve children died. Surely this is an example of an extreme type personality that must be confined in utmost security until science or medicine can do something for them.

Roy Henderson:

Throughout our history of incarceration and punishment it has been proven time and time again that "punishment is no deterrent to crime!" Criminal offenders have been subjected to every means of physical and mental anguish but crime and criminals continue to increase. To build a "super maximum security" institution at this time would be a reversal of everything our civilized society has gained through experience in the field of crime and punishment. By all means, segregation of the mentally ill inmates for psychiatric treatment, first offenders, sex offenders, etc. But segregation is not necessarily "super maximum security."

An Old Timer:

From the point of view of the law abiding citizen, there is always justification for extreme measures on the part of the government for controlled custody of those who offer a threat to the peace, safety and security of the public.

On the other hand, custody is still custody, and any specific form is merely a variation on the main theme. What can be "super maximum measures" in one country is only normal custody in another. So, where is the distinction --- except that of geography?

In Canada, which has tried to incorporate what it sees as the best features in the best systems, the idea of "super maximum security" is merely a throwback to the original accepted custody; which was isolation 24 hours a day and maximum security as it was known then.

Therefore, in the light of the history of our penal system, what would appear to be progress is, in reality, a throwback to an unenlightened era of the dark ages.

Philbert Macahonic:

"Would you mind repeating the question." (Question repeated.) "I dunno. Hey you gonna print this?" (Yes) "Can I say hello to my girl, her name's Rosy."

by gerry huppe

Well Sport fans, it happened. My first coverage on Sports in the last issue brought forth such complaints as follows....."Say Jerry! What's this write-up about in the Pathfinder? I don't play for the White Hats, I'm a Reject". Yes fans right there and then I knew why this here Hombre from Calgary South-West was a Reject.

And managers like John McIntosh wanting to know how come his team was listed in last place. Well folks, I talked to this manager and explained to him what his team must do to be listed in first place. Right there and then John looked up at me and said: "Is that all?" "Yes", I said, "Your team is eight games behind the first place team!" Now at the time of writing there were eleven games left on John's schedule, so please Mr. Street give him a parole so I won't have to explain why I can't list his team first next month.

The other day as I strolled to the Tennis Court, Low and Behold, here was a sight. If you haven't smiled for days then just go down Tennis Alley. Thin men...and fat men (like Johanson) ..well here everybody is represented, tennis shorts and all. Why when I got there Jack Fieldhouse was swinging his racket like a major. Too bad they came so small or Jack would have won his game.

I wonder if Uncle Les would ever see fit to have these Tennis courts hard-surfaced...maybe some day, we hope.

While over by the tennis courts I also watched the Handball Champs in action. Big Snowden had some fellows just a moaning and a puffing trying to get his low drives. However I am still puzzled why big Ted was using a tennis ball. In the next court we had Ronnie Fountain and Andy Smith in a bitter struggle. When I left I overheard Ron tell Andy, "I'll spot you eighteen points."

In horseshoes we have pros too. Like Bill Anderson. And once in a while we find ball players trying their luck. Take Mell McDonald now; it's a good thing Andy Smith told him that close only counts in horseshoes.

Back on the ballfield, at a Clipper game; the right fielder, Gary Mack, was at bat. The pitcher delivered a fast ball....Bang...it hit Gary on the shoulder...."Strike".....called the umpire....."It hit my shoulder, you donkey"....snaps Gary. Well fans that was all for this right fielder. "Out of the game!" said the ump. Just think what would happen if Gary would have used another animal's name.

Lately we have had a big truck parked for days around the ball parks, sometimes in centrefield, or even second base; soil testing they call it. But don't believe this sport fans, as I heard someone

tell the Great White Father that someone was tunneling out, so there is your answer.

Be on the look-out for the July issue of the Sports Line. There will be coverage of all league standings as well as the Game of the Month, and I now have a cub reporter roving around the ball parks for all you Stars. Now for Players of the Month... In A league -Shingoose of the Tigers, in B league -Prymo of the Mets, and in C league -Litt-lewolf of the Jets. Team of the Month....Tigers (A league), Mets (B league), and Reds (C league). The Sportsman of the Month goes to John Page.

RECREATION SCORES HIGH IN ANY PENAL PROGRAM.

The first half of 1964 will be well remembered for the fair and wholehearted participation of the majority of inmates in some form of recreational activity.

The men this year have utilized to the fullest all the equipment and facilities of the institution; ie; Hockey, Curling, Basketball, Softball, Weightlifting, Horse-shoes, Tennis, Boccie, Handball, Ping Pong, Chess, Cards and Golf. Softball, the feature summer sport of the inmates, has enjoyed what is up to now the finest season it has had for many years.

The Pen Clippers, with talent galore at all positions, has won ten of the eleven games they have played against outside competition and are tabbed by many (the smart ones) as the finest softball team in the entire province. Naturally I agree.

A short run down on the platers that go to make up this powerful team; Stan Bergen has done most of the catching and has been superb in handling the blistering balls of our ace pitcher. Monier Yaggey is another pitcher for this team who has been delivering some unbeatable and unhittable balls from the pitcher's position this year. Roy Henderson is a defensive giant at first base. The second baseman, Jake Quring, and the short stop, Claude Pitre, form a keystone combination that is second to none. Dick Kinney plays the hot corner, third base, and his ability to outguess opposing hitters on bunts has been a tremendous asset all year. The outfield, another strong point of the team, is covered by such speedsters as Jimmy Pollock, Clarence Garipy, and Garry Mack. And there is power to burn on the bench, too. Guys like Bill Evans, Ron Fontaine, Willie Volashinsky, and Don Sheerschmidt, powerful and headsup ball players, every one.

July 1st Track and Field results will appear in the next issue, so until next month good sports to all and remember...Umpires are not Donkeys.....

Jerry Huppe..

U.S.A. via "The Forum"

Minnesota is paroling all prisoners earlier under a new plan. Department Supervisors will now recommend a man when, in their opinion, he is ready for an early release.

A member of the Minnesota Parole Board is quoted as saying, "There are no objective scales for telling when a man is ready for parole, but we are justified in risking premature release of the prisoners. If a man is ready for parole now, Now is the time to release him, not a year from now. It may be too late then and the blame will be on our shoulders, not his."

Sweden via "The Forum"

In Sweden the prisoners get four vacations a year. Prison rules there are perhaps the most liberal in the world. Swedes call it "The modern way" of treating prisoners. Fellons have four annual leaves of three days each. They cannot go outside a certain area, get drunk or brawl, and must return in 72 hours. Otherwise they are on their own during this period. Violators of leave rules are punished with 30 days solitary confinement. Few break the rules.

France via "The Presidio"

According to an article on French Jails under Paul Amor the administrator of French Prisons, a prisoner gets a foam rubber mattress, simple but comfortable furnishings, central heating and fluorescent lighting, super-modern sanitation and 6 foot square window. The prisoners can earn from \$12. to \$25. weekly and spend it on extra food, cigarettes and wine. The food is good, the coffee excellent and everybody gets a free issue of red wine every day.

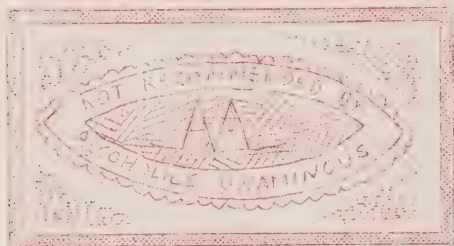
NEWS

NOW IT'S

Burpsi



FOR THOSE WHO DON'T THINK

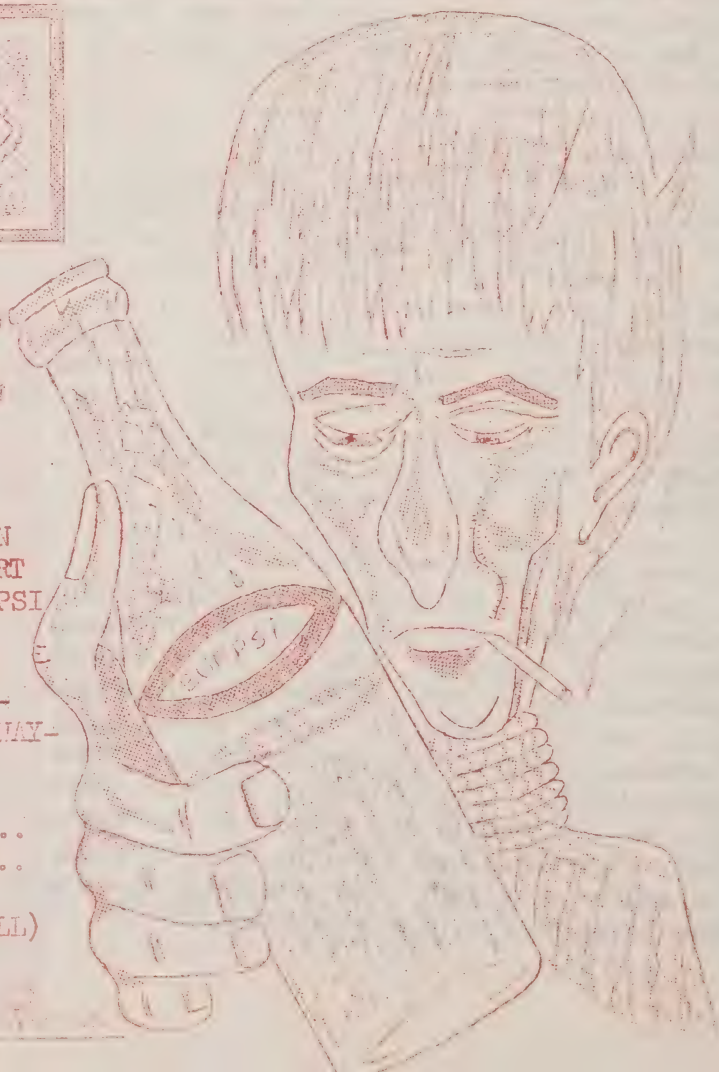


Burpsi = COLA

MAN, WHEN THERE'S
NOTHIN' SHAKIN' SLIP DOWN
TO THE NEAREST SUPERMART
AND BOOST A CASE OF BURPSI

IF YOUR ON THE LAM WITH
THE FUZZ ON YOUR TRAIL -
SMASH GLASS ON THE HIGHWAY -
BUT USE GINGER ALE.

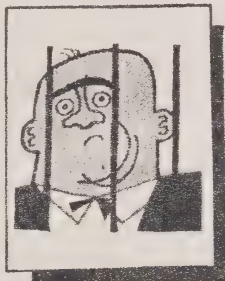
...SO WHEN ON A HIEST....
DON'T THINK AT ALL, SAY..
"GIVE ME A BURPSI"....
(YOU'LL NEVER TAKE A FALL)



Pathfinder

NEEDS YOU NOW!

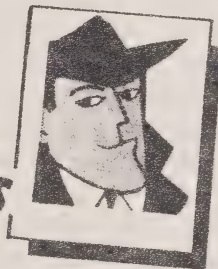
Here's the "STRAIGHT DOPE"



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music beat



SUNDAY, JUNE 21st - The population of this institution was privileged to have Gordie Brandt's jazz quartet to entertain them with a wide selection of modern jazz and blues renditions. The group consists of a string bass, alto saxophone, drums, and of course Gordie Brandt featured on the guitar.

Considered to be the top jazz group in Saskatchewan, they certainly lived up to all our expectations. Numbers like "Begin the Beguine", and "Misty", ate guitar runs and a section. The alto sax to my tin ear, and it man on the string bass about too. This was one "jazzicians" that we of seeing here in per- to be one of many such and his boys will be



GORDIE BRANDT

were done with intricate very imaginative rhythm was technically perfect was obvious that the knew what it was all of the few groups of have had the pleasure son. Let's hope it is groups and that Gordie back in the future.

(and he's rough to follow and the Keymen. This band from Saskatoon. on strong, kicking off

Following Mr. Brandt (follow) was Barry Ennis is a very popular R&R. These guys really came their show with a great number called "Honky Tonk". The Keymen were made up of Barry Ennis, leader and vocalist, tenor sax, lead guitar, bass guitar, and drums. Barry sang several popular Bobby Rydell hits, and jumped, shimmied and did the dog all over the stage.

It was an excellent show put on by excellent showmen.....don ross



NOR KEEL

HOW IT WORKS

Rarely have we seen a person fail who has thoroughly followed our path. Those who do not recover are people who cannot or will not give themselves to this simple program. Usually men and women who are constitutionally incapable of being honest with themselves. There are such unfortunates. They are not at fault, they seem to have been born that way. They are naturally incapable of grasping and developing a manner of living which demands rigorous honesty. Their chances are less than average.

There are those too who suffer from grave emotional and mental disorders but many of them do recover if they have the capacity to be honest. Our stories disclose in a general way what we used to be like, what happened, and what we are like now. If you have decided that you want what we have and are willing to go to any lengths to get it, then you are ready to take certain steps. At some of these we balked, we thought we could find an easier and softer way but we could not. With all the earnestness at our command, we beg of you to be fearless and thorough from the start.

Some of us have tried to hold onto our old ideas but the result was nil until we let go absolutely. Remember that we deal with alcohol cunning; baffling; powerful. Without help it is too much for us, but, there is One who has all power. That One is God; may you find Him now. Half measures availed us nothing, we stood at the turning point, we asked His protection and care with complete abandon.

(Cont. next page.)

(A.A. Cont.)

Here are the steps we took which are suggested as a program of recovery:

1. We admitted we were powerless over alcohol -- that our lives had become unmanageable.
2. Came to believe that a power greater than ourselves could restore us to sanity.
3. Made a decision to turn our will and our lives over to the care of God as we understood Him.
4. Made a searching and fearless moral inventory of ourselves.
5. Admitted to God, to ourselves, and to another human being, the exact nature of our wrongs.
6. Were entirely ready to have God remove all these defects of character.
7. Humbly asked Him to remove our shortcomings.
8. Made a list of all persons we had harmed, and became willing to make amends to them all.
9. Made direct amends to such people wherever possible, except when to do so would injure them or others.
10. Continued to make personal inventory and when we were wrong promptly admitted it.
11. Sought through prayer and meditation to improve our conscious contact with God as we understood Him, praying only for knowledge of His will for us and the power to carry it out.
12. Having had a spiritual awakening as the result of these steps, we tried to carry this message to alcoholics, and to practice these principles in all our affairs.

Many of us exclaimed, "What an order! I cannot go through with it!"

Do not be discouraged. No one among us has been able to maintain anything like perfect adherence to these principles. We are not saints. The point is that we are willing to grow along spiritual lines. The principles we have set down are guides to progress. We claim spiritual progress rather than spiritual perfection.

(By the Founders of Alcoholics Anonymous.)



PENAL PRESS REVIEW

by Rod McDonald

Prison Mirror, Stillwater, Minn:

Quote: "One year in prison is now mandatory for candidates for the new religious order "Brothers of the Prison". Originating in Italy, the new order has for its goal the reform of men and women in prison and the assistance they will need to develop a new life. Young priests are being sought for the order because they are said to be "more attuned to the stress and strain the young experience" in society today. During the probation period in which the candidates train, they will be required to work and live among the prisoners, without any privileges those in confinement do not have. The year in jail is expected to give the priests of the Brothers of the Prison more insight and understanding of men who go away socially."

Hats off to this new Order. What a step forward in the administration of Justice if some(not all)of our Canadian Judges and Magistrates had a similar program.....Y'ALL COME!

The Joyceville Journal, Kingston, Ontario.

This is a very good Canadian publication, looked forward to each month by men here from down East. We were set to congratulate Frisco Fraser on his election to the Sports committee when we received your May issue and found you had held a new election.

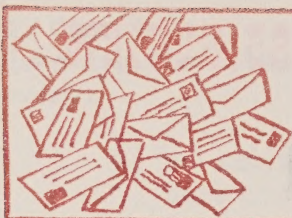
The Echo, Huntsville, Texas.

Our fellow convicts in this Southern Prison system are sitting back 30 days shorter now for each one who donated blood. Once a year convicts are eligible for this special remission, although they do donate oftener. The life-saving fluid comes a little cheaper this side of the 49th. The going price here is 1 Coke, cookies, your release date is unchanged, and business is good.....

The Agenda, Walla Walla, Washington.

A very snappy little magazine. Keep them coming! And with your permission we will repeat the maxim on page 13 of your mag...

"A MAN IN PRISON IS A TAX BURDEN. A MAN ON PAROLE IS A TAX PAYER."



to the editor

Dear Sir:

This is my first "Letter to the Editor" of any publication. On several occasions I have been prompted to "Write to the Editor", but I have to confess that on each occasion my dilatory habits as a correspondent have conquered the impulse, and the effective moment for the bouquet or brick-bat has passed.

In this instance I can only hope that it is not too late to tell you how much I enjoyed reading your magazine. It was the first issue I have had the opportunity of reading from cover to cover.

I thought it was well put together, and found the "inside information" and viewpoint interesting and enlightening.

As you know, I have only recently taken over the chairmanship of the John Howard Society, Prince Albert Council. The non-professional nature of my connection with this organization does not provide many opportunities for contact with individuals "on the inside". Receiving the Pathfinder proved to be the second such contact. I acknowledge these courtesies as being directed to the Society I represent, and express the thanks of the local Council of John Howard. This, however does not lessen my personal appreciation.

The other experience I refer to, was an invitation to attend a meeting of the Per Se Gavel Club. I was greatly impressed with the conduct of that meeting, and the high calibre of the formal speeches that were presented that night.

Indeed, the entire program, from Table Topics to Evaluations, compared very favourably with any meeting of the Toastmasters Club to which I used to belong, or any others I have visited.

I wish to commend those responsible for the formation of such a club within the institution, as well as those participating. The experience and training provided by this means will prove to be very valuable, as the ability to think and express those thoughts to an audience can contribute much to one's acceptance in society. It is a useful accomplishment in whatever vocation one follows.

My best wishes for the continued excellence of your publication, and for the success of the Gavel Club.

Sincerely,

J.F. Howarth, Chairman, Prince Albert Council, John Howard Society.

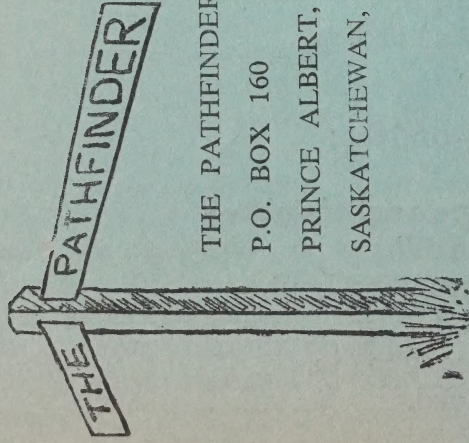
THE QUITTER

By Robert Service.

When you're lost in the Wild, and you're scared as a child,
And Death looks you bang in the eye,
And you're sore as a boil, it's according to Hoyle to cock
Your revolver and die.
But the Code of a Man says: "Fight all you can,"
And self-dissolution is barred.
In hunger and woe, oh, it's easy to blow
It's the hell-served-for-breakfast that's hard.

"You're sick of the game!" Well, now, that's a shame.
You're young and you're brave and you're bright.
"You've had a raw deal!" I know — but don't squeal,
Buck up, do your damndest, and fight.
It's the plugging away that will win you the day,
So don't be a piker, old pard!
Just draw on your grit; it's so easy to quit:
It's the keeping-your-chin-up that's hard.

It's easy to cry that you're beaten — and die;
It's easy to crawfish and crawl;
But it's to fight and to fight when hope's out of sight —
Why that's the best game of them all!
And though you come out of each gruelling bout,
All broken and beaten and scarred,
Just have one more try — it's dead easy to die,
It's the keeping-on-living that's hard.



THE PATHFINDER

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